

THE UNION.

"UNITED, WE STAND; DIVIDED, WE FALL."

VOL. I.

ST. GEORGE, UTAH, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1878.

NO. II.

POETS' CORNER.

TWO PICTURES.

Before Marriage.

My Maggie, my beautiful darling,
Creep into my arms, my sweet,
Let me fold you again to my bosom
So close I can hear your heart beat.

What! these little fingers been sewing?
One's pricked by the needle, I see;
These hands shall be kept from such labor
When once they are given to me.

All mine, little pet, I will shield you
From trouble and labor and care;
I will robe you like some fair princess,
And jewels shall gleam in your hair.

Those slippers you gave me are perfect,
That dressing-gown fits like a T,—
My darling, I wonder that Heaven
Should give such a treasure to me.

Eight—nine—ten—eleven! my precious!
Time flies so when I am with you;
It seems but a moment I've been here,
And now, *must* I say it? *Adieu!*

After Marriage.

Oh, Mag! you are heavy, I'm tired,
Go sit in the rocker, I pray;
Your weight seems a hundred and ninety
When you plump down in that sort of way.

You had better be mending my coat-sleeve,
I've spoken about it before;
I want to finish reading this novel
And look at those bills from the store.

This dressing-gown fits like the dickens;
These slippers run down at the heel;
Strange, nothing can ever look decent,
I do wish you could know how they feel.

What's this bill from Morgans? Why
surely
It's not for another new dress?
Why, Mag! I'll be bankrupt ere New
Year,
Or your store bills will have to grow less!

Eight o'clock! Mag, sew on this button,
As soon as you finish that sleeve.
Heigh ho! I'm so ducedly sleepy,
I'll pile into bed, I believe.

A DISCOURSE.

By Prest. Joseph Smith, being the funeral sermon of elder King Follett; from the *Millennial Star*.

(CONCLUDED.)

Hear it, all ye ends of the earth—
all ye priests, all ye sinners, and all
men. Repent! repent! obey the
Gospel. Turn to God; for your religion
won't save you, and you will be

damned. I do not say how long. There have been remarks made concerning all men being redeemed from hell: but I say that those who sin against the Holy Ghost cannot be forgiven in this world or in the world to come: they shall die the second death. Those who commit the unpardonable sin are doomed to *Gnolom*—to dwell in hell, worlds without end. As they concoct scenes of bloodshed in this world, so they shall rise to that resurrection which is as the lake of fire and brimstone.

I have intended my remarks for all, both rich and poor, bond and free, great and small. I have no enmity against any man. I love you all; but I hate some of your deeds. I am your best friend; and if persons miss their mark, it is their own fault. If I reprove a man, and he hates me, he is a fool; for I love all men, especially these my brethren and sisters.

I rejoice in hearing the testimony of my aged friends. You don't know me; you never knew my heart. No man knows my history. I cannot tell it; I shall never undertake it. I don't blame any one for not believing my history. If I had not experienced what I have, I could not have believed it myself. I never did harm any man since I was born into the world. My voice is always for peace.

I cannot lie down until all my work is finished. I never think any evil, nor do anything to the harm of my fellow-man. When I am called by the trump of the arch-angel and weighed in the balance, you will all know me then. I add no more. God bless you all! Amen.

A UTE TRADITION.

Origin of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

Of the vast collection of Indian myths and legends laboriously gathered by the intrepid, one-armed *voyager*, Major Powell, few are more interesting than that which describes, in the mythology of the Utes, the origin of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado,—a marvel worthy to rank with the Seven wonders. It tells how, in the olden time, the wife of the great war-chief

of the Utes died, and the chief was inconsolable, and called upon his god Tawots to take pity on him and lead him to his wife. And the god looked down on him and saw that he was unhappy, and taking his huge magic ball in his hand, he rolled it before him on the ground; and where it rolled, it cut far down into the earth and opened the Grand Canyon, thousands of feet deep. And through it the god led the heavy-hearted chief of the Utes, and showed him his wife in the happy hunting grounds; and leading him back, he poured a mighty river through the canyon, and along their trail, that no one might be able to follow after them; and the river has continued to run ever since.—*Old and New*.

'WHAT IS IT.'

One of our prominent lawyers went home the other day to dinner, and found that his little boy had had his head clipped in accordance with the prevailing style. Affecting not to notice it, he began to speak of a wonderful curiosity on exhibition at the Zoo, in the shape of a living creature with a form something like that of a human being. Its head was as round as a pumpkin, its ears stood out like clam shells on a coconut, its nose protruded like a figure four from what seemed to be its face; it walked upright, and its head was covered with a growth of bristles about one-sixteenth of an inch in length, and for want of a better name the creature had been called the "What Is It?" And placing his hand on the boy's head, the father said: "Why, here it is, now. Here's the very thing I've been talking about." The boy replied, as he buttered a piece of biscuit, "They've got a blamed sight worse looking thing right here in this street."

"What kind of a thing is it?" asked the lawyer.

"It is the father of the 'What Is It?'" replied the boy.

The subject was dropped.—*Washington D. C. Republican*.

The earliest snow storm for sixteen years fell in Kansas and Missouri on Saturday, October 26, 1878.